COL. ROOSEVELT SAYS HE'S GOING TO STICK TO THE PROGRESSIVES

Returning From Cross-Continent Trip, Bull Moose Leader Says He Will Continue With the Party That He Formed and Will Urge Everybody Else to Enroll Under That Banner—Wishes Deserters Good Luck.

New York, Aug. 3.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt will stand by the Progressive cause and will not re-enter the Republican party.

That was his definite statement yesterday at Oyster Bay after he returned with Mrs. Roosevelt from a lively and pleasurable visit to the Canadian Northwest, the American Pacific coast and the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

There was no shading of meaning whatever in the brief but direct statement to which he restricted himself despite much urging to amplify his views. The Colonel's present political philosophy comes to this: Others who are veering back to the Republican fold after three years of allegiance to Progressive principles have a perfect right to do so. The Colonel feels no anger or resentment. That they should weaken after three years gives him a little sorrow, as close friends understand, but at least he feels kindly to them for having remained steadfast so long. Here is the way he expressed himself yesterday:

As regards the Progressives who have announced their intention of enrolling as Republicans in this state I have nothing to say except that I think it has been fine of them to have made the great fight they have made during the past three years for Progressive principles and I am sure that they are acting conscientiously in the step they now take, and with the purpose of doing what they regard as most useful to the community.

Holding the convictions I do, it would be an impossibility for me myself to take the step. I shall enroll as a Progressive, and if any man in this state asks my advice I shall advise him also to enroll as a Progressive.

Friends Expected It.

This statement represented all that Col. Roosevelt had to say for publication upon his return to Sagamore Hill. It was drafted after he had rested from the fatigue of a long, hot journey, and it was given to the press by John W. McGrath, the colonel's secretary. Its contents, however, did not surprise close friends of Col. Roosevelt who had discussed with him in a general way the future of the Progressive party. These friends had made up their minds that all talk of his leaving the Progressive party and seeking preferment or power in the Republican party was baseless. The colonel's standpoint is that he is just as earnest and loyal in his Progressive leadership as he was the day his followers walked out of the Chicago convention with a hymn tune as marching time.

Persons who are in a position to know the colonel's views say that he does not believe that the usefulness of the Progressive party as a political organization is at an end by any means. They say that his notion is that the party will exert a tremendous influence in the coming state elections and in the next national canvass. They have gathered the impression that Col. Roosevelt himself will not be his party's candidate for President, but will be content to support any ardent Progressive favored by the majority of the party, with Gov. Hiram Johnson of California as first choice. In other words, the colonel will do his best to line up the full strength of the Progressives for another stiff battle in 1916, a battle in which national preparedness for war and national self respect will be inscribed upon the Progressive banners.

It was learned that Col. Roosevelt had read with keen interest the speech delivered by Elihu Root, in which Mr. Root appeared to open the Republican door to admit brethren long astray in the Progressive fields, and in which Mr. Root commented upon the fitness and strength of the governors of this state in recent years. But Col. Roosevelt declined to express any opinion, even as to the departure from the Progressive party of his nephew, Theodore Douglas Robinson. Nor did he desire, at this time, to discuss our relations with Germany or any other international topic.

Will Take a Short Rest.

Yesterday he wanted to rest, to relax in the quiet of his Sagamore Hill estate, to ride horseback, take a swinging walk over the hills and see how his old friends the Oyster Bay birds were tuning up their autumn choruses. That indeed will be his program for several days, for the Colonel, when all is said and done, is a great home body and is never so happy as when he is entertaining his friends at Sagamore Hill. He does not expect to be in the city until Wednesday or Thursday, although he found correspondence piled up on his desk in the office of the Metropolitan Magazine and a number of articles are awaiting completion.

The trip from which he returned yesterday was rather strenuous and eventful, even for him. In three weeks he had travelled about 7,500 miles, had visited the great provinces of the Canadian Northwest, and had tarried briefly in many large cities of the American West. The interest, even enthusiasm, which was displayed everywhere when he appeared was extremely gratifying to the Colonel. He took this to be less of a personal tribute than a manifestation of continued loyalty to the Progressive party. California, as one of his friends said yesterday, simply roared a greeting, and the days when he attended the exposition at San Francisco were the days when the attendance records went to remarkable figures.

The greeting he received through Alberta and British Columbia rather astonished him in its heartiness. The Canadians turned out for the Colonel and shouted for him as if he had been one of their own leaders campaigning for a seat in the Dominion Parliament. He was reminded literally of some of his own tempestuous campaigns by the incessant torchlight processions and band concerts that were held in his honor in Canadian territory. These tributes were due, it was understood, to his outspoken antagonism to Germany's methods of war making, although the Colonel has always been rather popular north of the line.

During the three weeks he delivered only two long speeches which he considered of importance, one in San Francisco and another at San Diego, but he was called upon frequently for brief train-end talks and made them before large crowds. The territory he covered, with its opportunities for political observation, may be estimated by his general itinerary, which was goin West, through Chicago, St. Paul and the Canadian Northwest to Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, and returning East through Sal Lake, Omaha and Chicago.

He arrived at the Grand Central Station yesterday at 9:40 A. M. aboard the Twentieth Century Limited, and the train had barely stopped before he was bustling to the platform, showing the familiar smile and gleaming teeth to the company of reporters waiting to question him. Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. McGrath, the Colonel's secretary, appeared a moment later. Mrs. Roosevelt is not ill, as had been reported from Chicago and Cleveland. She was effected somewhat by the heat, but the Colonel said that all talk of a serious indisposition was nonsense.

Col. Roosevelt good humoredly waved questioners to one side. Yes, the exposition was bully! He had enjoyed it tremendously! A grand display worthy of any man's time. How did he feel? Fine! Splendid! Tip top! A single glance was enough to confirm this. The Colonel was simply glowing with good health. He had put on weight, several pounds—and he didn't quite like that, but he expected to work off the surplus with a little horseback riding and axe-play in the seclusion of his estate.

From the Grand Central Station the Colonel, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. McGrath drove in the Colonel's automobile to the office of the Metropolitan Magazine, where, in his private office the Colonel looked over accumulated mail, chatted with George W. Perkins and made preparations to leave the city. He arrived with Mrs. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay at 1:50 and drove swiftly to his home. To all save a few close friends he denied himself for the rest of the day, but it was no special secret that Theodore Roosevelt came home happy, full of confidence and full of fight.

CALOSOMA BEETLE FOE TO GYPSY MOTH.

Insect Imported for the Purpose, Most Successful in Attacking Pest.

The calosoma beetle, which was introduced into New England in order to combat the gypsy moth, is declared by entomologists in the United States epartment of Agriculture to have firmly established itself in its new environment. The first of these green beetles was sent from Europe in 1905. Between then and 1915 a little over 1,000 of the insects were shipped to this country. They have multiplied and spread with extraordinary rapidity and are now so abundant that many people in New England are familiar with their appearance and habits.

Investigations show that these insects, both as beetles and as larvae, consume enormous quantities of the gypsy moth larvae. They are able to climb the trees upon which their prey are feeding and are most active during the periods when the gypsy moths are abundant. The calosoma beetle, in fact, seems to be admirably adapted in every way to destroying the gypsy moth. It is not apparently injured by the wilt disease which is so prevalent in its prey, and neither is it apparently affected by the sprays used to control the gypsy moth. At the present time it is regarded as the most important of the natural enemies of this widespread pest. A new professional paper of the United States epartment of Agriculture, Bulletin 251, contains a detailed description of the calosoma beetle, its distribution, life history and habits.

LORD MERSEY

Baron, Mersey, the distinguished English jurist who presided over the inquiry into the sinking of the Lusitania, and brought in a verdict to the effect that the German government was guilty ow cold-blooded murder, will be 75 years old today. He was born August 3, 1840, the son of John Bigham, a Liverpool merchant, and was educated at Liverpool, Paris and Berlin. Forty-ve years ago, as John Charles Bigham, he began the practice of law, and soon attained great prominence in his profession, especially as an authority on maritime law. In 1895 he was elected to the House of Commons as a Unionist, and was a member of the South African committee to that body prior to the Boer war. He was created a knight in 1897, and was elevated to the peerage ye years ago. Lord Mersey first came into international prominence in 1912, when he presided over the investigation into the Titanic disaster. Last year he acted as president of the International Conference on Safety at Sea, held in London, at which delegates from 14 nations signed a convention laying down regulations for passenger traffic on the ocean. Later he came to Canada as a member of the commission to investigate the sinking of the Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence, a disaster which cost more than a thousand lives. As a member of the bar Lord Mersey had a large experience in shipping cases, and for some time he was president of the British admiralty court. Although he has reached the three-quarters of a century mark, Baron Mersey is still active of mind and body, and his conduct of the Lusitania inquiry was marked by all his accustomed vigor and directness.

Alexander Berkman Turned Down Hard By Labor Leaders

Alexander Berkman, who has been identified with the anarchist cause for some time in the United States, is not getting much encouragement from labor leaders—in fact, he never did. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor and leaders of various unions will have nothing to do with Berkman's campaign to raise defense funds for men indicted on the Pacific coast.

ORIGIN OF TOMATO DATES AGES BACK

Excepting our scientists, there are comparatively few people in this country who ever stop to think of how many important products that now minister to the health, sustenance, and pleasures of mankind were added to the world's supply by the discovery of America. A few of these are incidentally mentioned in an interesting article on "The Tomato," in the current number of The Bulletin of the Pan American Union, by Edward Albes, who writes:

"The greatest febrifuge known today—quinine—came into existence because the Incas of Peru had discovered the medicinal properties of the bark of the Cinchona tree; the leaves of the coca plant, a South American product, have served to alleviate pain the world over by their essence—cocaine; Indian corn, or maize, was unknown to the Old World before it was found to be the great food staple of the Americas; Irish as well as sweet potatoes had their first home in the New World; the delicious concoction known as chocolate, serving man as both food and drink, had been known for centuries by the Incas of Peru and the Aztecs of Mexico before the Spaniards found it in these countries and introduced it into Europe; tobacco, whose rings of aromatic smoke now circumscribe the earth, was added to man's pleasures by the Indians of America. Many other products might be enumerated, but among them all perhaps none ministers more delightfully to the palate of the modern epicure than does the tomato, that lucious, succulent, refreshing vegetable-fruit which gratifies the eye with its beauty of color and form, stills hunger with its meat, and assuages thirst with its juice."

The name "tomato" seems to be of Aztec origin, given as tomatl by some authorities and as xitomate by others, and still persists in some few of the older Mexican town names, such as Tomatlan, Tomatepec, etc., and the general consensus of opinion among botanists seems to be that the plant and its culture for edible purposes originated in Peru, whence it spread to other sections of the Americas. It is certain, at any rate, that it was known and cultivated for its fruit centuries before the Columbian discovery.

That the cultivated tomato was known to some of the uropean botanists over 360 years ago is evidenced by the fact that two large varieties were described by Matthiolus as early as 1554, but for many years it was only in southern Europe that the value of the fru' for use in soups and as a salad was recognized. It was quite generally used in Spain and Italy during the 17th century, but in England and in northern Europe generally the plant was grown only in botanical gardens as a curiosity and for ornamental purposes. It was seldom eaten, being commonly regarded as unhealthy and even poisonous. This belief probably arose because of the close resemblance of the plant to its allied relative, the nightshade, or belladonna, and had, of course, no foundation in fact. It was not until the early part of the 19th century that the tomato came into general use as a food in northern Europe and even in the United States. Since about 1835, however, the use and cultivation of the vegetable has grown to such an extent that it has now become one of the most important of our garden crops.

When a successful process of canning the fruit was evolved the tomato industry at once assumed large proportions. It was found that for all cooking purposes the canned fruit was as good as that fresh from the vine, and as a result the tomato has become a staple food the year round, and millions of dollars are now invested in canning factories in the United States, whose chief output consists of tomatoes. From statistics compiled by the National Canners' Association for the year 1914 it is learned that among the tomato-producing states Maryland ranked first with a production of 5,850,000 cases of canned tomatoes; Delaware second, with 1,335,000 cases; Indiana, third, with 1,295,000 cases. The total production for the whole country amounted to 15,222,000 cases of tomatoes and about 5,000,000 cases of tomato pulp (used in making catsup, sauces, soups, etc.). The total was therefore over 20,000,000 cases of 24 two-pound cans each, or an output of 480,000,000 cans, weighing 480,000 tons, and having an approximate value of $28,000,000. If these cans were placed one on top of the other, the resulting column would be very nearly 37,000 miles high, or if placed end to end in a row, would encircle the earth one and a half times at the equator. These figures deal only with the canned product of factories keeping accurate statistics. When we remember that perhaps twice as many more are eaten raw and canned by the thrifty housewives and Girls' Canning Clubs, we may get some idea of the importance in our national economy of the garden tomato

EARLY PRINTERS

The first printers were in nearly all cases men of great intellect, who found in the new art a method of giving wider publicity to their opinions. The clergy and the nobles of most Eupropean countries bitterly opposed the extension of the typrographical art, many denouncing printing as an invention of the devil. One of the most famous of the early French printers was Etienne Dolet, who was burned at the stake in Lyons 369 years ago today, August 3, 1546. He was convicted of having printed an errouneous translation of a line from Plato, and for this he was put to the torture, and then burned, with all the books he had printed, in a public square of the French city. For many years before his tragic martyrdom to the cause of popular education, Dolet had been saveagely persecuted by the ecclesiastical authorities, and had spent much of his time in prison. He aroused the hatred of the bigots by publishing "The Holy Scripture in the Vulgar Tongue," and a short time after this was thrown into prison on the ground that he had eaten meat in Lent. For this crime the printer spent 15 months in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

KILLING SNAKES.

To the Editor of The Courant:

The story of the killing of a black snake, which you printed in your issue of the 26th inst., made a painful impression on me. The black snake is a harmless and useful creature and one of the best friends of the farmer. It destroys numberless field mice and is also the deadly enemy of the rattlesnake, always killing it when opportunity offers. It would be well if all of us would restrain our impulse to kill every snake we see, because, with the exception of the rattlesnake and the copperhead (our only venomous snakes) they are all inoffensive and useful.

Canaan, July 27. D. C. W.

Our correspondent echoes sentiments expressed by this paper the other day. When a man used a rusty knife to cut out the "poison" from a blacksnake's bite, The Courant remarked that he simply put poison into a place where there had been one before. Blacksnakes kill many pests. Sometimes they do bite wayfaring people, but seldom, and then it's not a serious wound. They kill field mice and rattlesnakes, and in other ways make a living. It must be admitted, however, that they eat many toads, and the same naturalists who plead for the snakes declare that every toad is worth $20 to the place it lives on.

About 15,000 persons attended the opening races at the Saratoga ace-track, N. Y.

Machinists at the Potter & Johnson plant at Pawtucket, R. I., demand an increase of five cetns an hour and an eight-hour day.

ROMANCES OF THE RING

True Tales Of Hard-Hitting Heroes Of The Past And Present

(WRITTEN FOR THE FARMER)

THE MAN WHO "CAME BACK"

On a July day in 1867 a brawny, wel set up Englishman, dressed in the height of the prevailing London fashion, with a rather handsome but somewhat cruel face surmounted by wavy hair and decorated with a mustache which curled down under the corners of his lower lip, strolled down the gang-plank of a steamer from England and set his feet firmly on the paved soil of the country which he proposed to make his own.

"Blimey, Pete, but it feels good to be back on the solid earth again," he remarked to one of his two companions, who gave a hearty assent to this commonplace observation. Among the crowd gathered about the water front the word went about that the muscular gentleman in the London glad rags was no less a personage than Tom Allen, the notorious British pugilist, and there was much craning of necks. To the gentleman of the sporting fraternity gathered to welcome Allen to New York, the pugilist introduced his companions as Bill Ryall and Peter Morris, the latter Britain's featherweight champion.

Tom Allen was a good "mixer" and within a few days he was a familiar and popular figure at all the New York sporting resorts. Tom announced that he proposed to become an American and go after the heavyweight championship, and this declaration was greeted with enthusiasm by the fight fans of this side of the Atlantic. The heavyweight championship of America was then claimed by Mike McCoole, the big St. Louis bruiser, by virtue of his defeats of Aaron Jones and Bill Davis, the Californian. Jim Dunne, the Broklyn athlete who had won the title a couple of years before Allen's arrival persistently refused to fight again, and McCoole had the field pretty much to himself, as Joe Coburn had also gone into temporary retirement.

American pugilism was a rough and desperate game, as played in America half a century ago, but Tom Allen soon proved that he was equal to the most desperate measures. Soon after his arrival in New York the Englishman consented to act as second to Tom Kelly, who was matched to fight Billy Parkinson. Kelly was a Canadian, a native of St. John, N. B., but for some time he had hung out in Baltimore, where he was very popular. Allen and Billy Edwards, afterward American lightweight champion, acted for Kelly at the fight. Parkinson soon demonstrated that he was the beter man, and Allen, backed up by a mob of toughs from Baltimore and Philadelphia, who had backed Kelly, sought to intimidate the referee. Allen claimed victory for his man, alleging that Parkinson had committed a foul, and, drawing a revolver, threatened to perforate the referee if he did not give Kelly the decision. The arbiter was game however, and in spite of the threats of Allen and the Kelly mob he ordered the fight to go on. Allen then cut the ropes and the crowd swarmed into the ring, when the referee declared Parkinson the victor, and the battered Kelly was carried away.

Tom Allen became the recognized American champion in 1869, when he defeated Bill Davis in forty-three rounds. The fight was pulled off on an island near St. Louis, and another island in the Father of Waters was the scene of Tom's next contest. His opponent on this ocasion was Charlie Gallagher, a Cleveland man. In the second round Tom grew careless, and Gallagher landed a blow on the jugular vein which sent Allen to slumberland.

Allen had been champion only a feww eeks when he was whipped by Gallagher, who then claimed the title. Most sports considered the Ohio man's victory a fluke, however, and Allen was still recognized as champion. In the July of 1869 he fought Mike McCoole, at Foster's Island near St. Louis. The giant Irishman was still a claimant of the American titel, and he had a big following among the St. Louis sports. The McCoole men backed him liberally, and they were wild with rage when Allen made a chopping block of their favorite. For nine round Tom cut and slashed his big antagonist, until McCoole was reduced to a powerless mass of bleeding, battered flesh, when the referee mercifully stopped the contest and awarded the victory to Allen. Instantly Hades broke loose, and the umpire was surrounded with shouting, gesticulating men who waved pistols and clubs and demanded a verdict in McCoole's favor. The referee was overawed by the mob, and reversing his former verdict, gave the battle to McCoole on an alleged foul.

Technically Allen was for a second time deprived of his title, but he continued to hold it by general consent. Charlie Gallagher, who was also claiming the title since his defeat of Allen, then challenged Tom to fight again. The Mississippi island was again the scene of the encounter, and again Allen was given a raw deal. In eleven rounds lasting less than half an hour, Allen beat Gallagher into a pulp. Again the roughs interfered, and the referee, Larry Wessel, was froced to decide in favor of the beaten man, while Allen was chased by the mob and robbed of the stakes.

In 1870 Allen and McCoole were again matched, but Mike wisely decided that he had had enough of Allen, and the affair fell through. This same year Jem Mace landed in America, with Pooley Mace his cousin and manager, and Fred Abrahams, his backer. Allen was then universally recognized as American champion, in spite of the decisions given against him, and although he was really an Englishman and had been in America less than three years. Allen challenged Mace to fight for the world's title. Allen was then in Pittsburgh, and asked Mace to visit the Smoky City to sign the articles. Jem refused to leave New York, and the match hung fire for a time. At last a published statement of Mace, defying Allen to show whether he was "in earnest or merely buncoing," brought Allen to trms, and the match was made for $10,000, to be pulled off in New Orleans. Tom trained in St. Louis and Jem in Mobile until a short time before the battle, when both went to New Orleans to finish their work. The ring was pitched on the turf near Kennersville, La., and was surrounded by a big crowd of sports, many of whom had traveled more than a thousand miles to see the contest. Mace proved the superior in cleverness, and fetched first blood, and held the lead in every round. Although reepatedly knocked down, Allen proved a glutton for punishment, and in the tenth round Tom grappled with his wily opponent and seemed for a amoment to have a chance of victory. In going down, however, Tom struck violently against a stake and dislocated his shoulder, and his second tossed up the sponge.

Allen, again an ex-champion, soon came back, for when Jem Mace retired and returned to England the ploughty Tom again assumed the title. In 1873 Allen again frought Mike McCoole on an island near St. Louis. This time the bout was on the square, and Tom gave McCoole a terrible beating and stopped him in the twenty-ninth round. Allen, who had thus demonstrated that a "come-back" was quite possible, held the undisputed championship of America until 1876, defeating Ben Hogan and others, but finally lost to Joe Goss on a foul at Covington, Ky. The old gladiator then settled down in St. Louis, where he died in 1904.

PERSISTENCE IN ADVERTISING

The man who is starting in on an advertising campaign frequently fails to appreciate the necessity of persistence. He is more apt to pay for a big splurge for a few numbers and then quit for a time. The general trend of advertising opinion is that a smaller space used regularly pays better.

The results of advertising come in one of two ways. A buyer may have in mind some particular purchase that it is desired to make at that time. The newspaper is searched to see what merchants are advertising in that line. The most attractive offerings are noted in the memory. The customer visits those stores. While this is the kind of thing that happens every day, it is not the whole result or effect of advertising by any means.

The other result is the creation of a general impression that a certain merchant is enterprising and is using much effort and intelligence to give good values. That kind of advertising is cumulative, the outcome of driving a certain idea into the public mind day after day. A womap may read advertisements for many weeks, and not buy anything in a certain line, simply because she is already supplied with those goods.

All at once she concludes that she must make a purchase. Her mind reverts to the notices of that kind of goods she has been seeing in her newspaper. The man whose advertising she has seen week after week or day after day is the one that has made the impression on her mind.

Slight impressions govern trade. It is next to impossible for a man who does not advertise to convey the idea that he is an enterprising dealer. His townspeople will not push his business for him, if he is too slow to push it for himself. The only way to convince people that you have values, is to tell the public what you have and let them judge. The newspaper will talk of hundreds of people while you are explaining things to one.

Four more deaths were caused by the heat in and about New York city yesterday.